

## NEW BOOKS.

## A Picked-up Shakespeare.

Four of Shakespeare's plays are considered by Dr. A. C. Bradley, professor of poetry in Oxford University, in his book of lectures called "Shakespearean Tragedy," a second edition of which is now published by the Macmillans. Here are ten lectures treating of the four plays, "Hamlet," "Othello," "King Lear" and "Macbeth." They are limited in the kind of their consideration, their one concern being the dramatic aspect of these four plays. The language of Shakespeare is passed by; and this is something that has excited our especial wonder in very ample books about Shakespeare's plays before now.

That very capable employer of language upon occasion, Mr. William Winter, has told us, if our memory serves, that "Hamlet" would act itself if the words were left out. Doubtless there are pantomimists who could very efficiently essay it, though we ourselves should hardly be consumed with a desire to be present; but we recall that George L. Fox, that fondly remembered master of dumb show, when, as *Hamlet*, he produced three gilded bulls from beneath his cloak of sable, was moved to address his soul in speech and to make verbal reference to his "bulls."

"What is Shakespeare's tragic conception, or conception of tragedy?" This question occurs at the end of the first paragraph of the first lecture. The essayist does not insist that he had a theory of the kind of poetry called tragedy, as Aristotle or Corneille had. Certainly, if he did have one, it was not theirs. Voltaire, because our dramatist was not very much like those two, had tantrums which are sufficiently astonishing to nearly everybody at this day. Perhaps Shakespeare, in his somewhat unusual mind, with no conscious custodianship of foot rule or pint measure, saw creatures and heard them speak, and set them down, like a generous man and a bad jailor, with the guilt of their agitations and their speech unimpeded and thick upon them. The rascal! It was long before he was forgiven.

In a Shakespearean drama, we learn here, there is a considerable number of persons—more than in a Greek play, unless we number the chorus. But the Shakespearean tragic story deals particularly with one person, the hero, or at the most with two persons, the hero and the heroine. The tragic story, again, "leads up to and includes the death of the hero." The word death is put in italics here. Shakespeare in his tragedy concerns himself with persons of high degree; often with Kings and Princes, sometimes with leaders in the State, like Coriolanus, Brutus, Antony; "at the least, as in 'Romeo and Juliet,' with members of great houses." Even Othello "is no mere private person; he is the General of the Republic."

At page 108, as bearing upon the dramatic aspect of the plays, our author considers Othello's color. "Was this most interesting General black, or was he brown? Did Shakespeare know, or at least did he consider, the difference between a negro and a Moor? For the matter of that, was a black Moor, or a blackamoor, a negro? Aaron in 'Titus Andronicus' is 'coal black,' and of the color of a raven; he has a 'beard of woolly hair,' and his child is coal black and thick lipped." Othello is "Othello the Moor," even as Othello is "Othello the Moor." In Shakespeare's time and long afterward the Othello of the players was black. The refinement of a later period toned down his color and left him with a pigmentation that absorbed and disposed of light less perfectly.

Just here we find something that interests us particularly and that illuminates possibly the trustworthiness of the critics. Our professor smiles as he remarks: "The horror of most American critics (Mr. Furness is a bright exception) at the idea of a black Othello is very amusing, and their arguments are highly instructive." Whether they knew it or not, Coleridge was ahead of them. It is not exactly lawful to smile at Coleridge, but our professor regrets to say that he gave warning to the Americans. Coleridge said that "it would be something monstrous to conceive this beautiful Venetian girl falling in love with a veritable negro," and that "it would argue a disproportionateness, a want of balance, in Desdemona, which Shakespeare does not appear to have in the least contemplated."

Alas for Coleridge! We want to our professor as he points out that Shakespeare was not so inadequate as not to have contemplated this very disproportion. The text of Coleridge is not by us, and we cannot defend him upon this point if there is any defense in him; but certainly Brabantio did find it "something monstrous to conceive" that his daughter should have fallen in love with Othello, and certainly Lago did remark of Othello of her matrimonial disposition of herself:

"To my ears she speaks, as she will mark, Fair disposition, thought untroubled."

As we say, we have not the text of Coleridge by us. It is hard to think of such a man quoting quite innocently to his own undoing—hugging to his breast the points of splendid arrows, not knowing what they were. We have ventured to chide his impression left with us all the same.

There are 500 pages in this volume. We mean no disrespect and no objection when we say that we have here a Shakespeare much shredded or "picked up." It is the business of our age to shred. Look what we do with our Shakespeare.

## Should We Weakly Stand Alone?

Two interesting lectures by Prof. Felix Adler addressed to the Society for Ethical Culture at the beginning of the present year are published by McClure, Phillips & Co. under the title of "Marriage and Divorce." Prof. Adler finds in marriage, of course, the opportunity and the call for something more than the mere obedience to an instinct. We have often wondered how much of foresight would be required to direct us quite appropriately. It has always seemed strange to us that there has been such a time so much of clear sight at the end and so much of blindness at the beginning. We detect and dislike not a little what appears to be the irony involved in the matter.

Prof. Adler reprehends the view of marriage entertained by the heroine of Ibsen's play of "A Doll's House." We remember that Nora at the end of this play went out and did not care to stay any longer. If her trouble was that she was irked by the commonplace of existence, that she rebelled against the hard coincidence of the facts of life and her own imaginings, surely she was like a multitude who were her forerunners. We doubt whether we should have been made much wiser if the play had been extended and if we had been informed regarding Nora after she went out doors.

As we recall the vast philosophy that has been expended upon the Ibsen plays we despair of finding succor of our troubles in study of the works of any Scandinavian playwright. Prof. Adler does not linger with the abdicating mistress of the doll's house, we are glad to say. He continues: "I venture to suggest that in the cases of ten even fine and lovely people will enter into marriage with never a thought beyond that of their own happiness." It was

## PUBLICATIONS.



NOW READY AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

## THE BEAUTIFUL LADY

By BOOTH TARKINGTON, Author of MONSIEUR BEUCAIRE.

THEY say that lightning never strikes twice in the same place. But every rule has its exception, as is proved in the present instance, for there is no doubt that in "The Beautiful Lady," Mr. Tarkington's latest work, the lightning of genius has struck precisely where it struck in his famous earlier work, "Monsieur Beaucaire." There are few authors in the whole range of literature who have achieved two such perfect narrations, identical in spirit and fraught with the same exquisite grace and charm. The scene of the story is laid in modern Naples and Paris.

The publishers in making the book itself have tried to improve upon the attractiveness of Beaucaire, even. It is peculiarly appropriate as a gift book. There are seven illustrations by Blenden Campbell and the book is decorated throughout by William Jordan. Cloth 12mo. \$1.25.

McCLURE, PHILLIPS &amp; CO. 44 East 23d St., New York

really no venture to say this. People are indeed all alive to the accomplishment of their own happiness. We are much mistaken if the generous heart of our preacher does not wish to the very roots of it that they may be successful.

But he sees that wisdom needs to enter in here. He arrests the unthinking desire. "They forget that they are servants, that there are great social ends to which they must bow." They do not bow to these ends, though they must. What is the consequence? For one thing, there is divorce. If the enamored couples were not wrong at first, there can be no doubt that they were wrong afterward. They see at the end what they could not see at the beginning; and exactly there is the irony. If forty of the wisest judges were to sit upon each case, what would be the difference? This is our own question, but we are willing to leave it to others to answer. We are careful of burdens for our own shoulders.

But why should there be divorce? Perhaps our wisdom, which happens to be rearward instead of in advance, owes its comparative place to a wise provision. Were everything made easy for us, how should our muscles get toughened? Are we responsible or irresponsible, no matter whether it is only age that makes us wise? Shall we cry? Shall we look for some guiltless altruist to bear our burden for us? Moreover, whatever justice is accorded to us, are we independent? Must we not account to somebody? Are we not bound to shake ourselves the Atlas of all the virtues?

Our essayist does not believe in divorce. He says: "I am compelled to reject even the breach of the seventh commandment as a ground for divorce." He thinks that we should regard society and be unselfish. He sets a task; and it pleases us to think that there are many who are strong enough to undertake it.

## Mr. Garland Saves a "Medium."

Hamlin Garland's story of "The Tyranny of the Dark" (Harper & Brothers), describes in three successive chapters to begin with; first, the setting in nature of the scene of the story; secondly, the man who stood on the ruin side and surveyed with a certain suggestive detail of observation the man who rode by; and, thirdly, the man who was thus remarked and who remarked the maiden in return.

The man's scrutiny of the maiden was respectful, but still not so negligent or unmanifest as to convey the idea of impotence. His interest in her allowed itself to appear as particular rather than general and definite rather than abstract. He felt that she was observed as a person rather than as a representative, and the circumstance is not concealed from us that she was flattered in consequence.

Our observation has been that she would have laid far less stress upon any man's regard if she had received it, let us say, from some cavalier mounted on a "Seeing New York" coach or float. The largeness and freedom of the scene, the detachment of the man, operated to impress her particularly and to fix the matter in memory. In the chapter called "The Maiden on the Mountain Side" we read that the maiden's mother, when the girl got home, said, sharply: "Viola Lambert, what do you mean by staying up there after dark? I'm all a-tremble over you." In the chapter entitled "The Man" we read that after supper at the hotel Dr. Service, a student of biology, lit his big student's pipe, re-

## PUBLICATIONS.

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## PUBLICATIONS.

## THE BEAUTIFUL LADY

By BOOTH TARKINGTON, Author of MONSIEUR BEUCAIRE.

garded the great yellow stars above the lofty peaks, and considered that Viola Lambert was as beautiful as the moon.

Shall we be considered abrupt if we turn to the last part of the story, where we find Dr. Service holding Viola's hand? We hardly believe that reproach will fall upon us. Viola "sat like an exquisite statue of meditation" in a Pullman car. Said she to the Doctor, if we may be permitted to group several of her observations: "I'm not fit to be your wife. I am surrounded by spirits. I have this awful power. I am a medium!"

We are glad to say that this made no difference to the excellent Dr. Service. He said as he magnanimously kissed her: "I am now your chief 'control,' and there are no other 'guides' but me." A happy ending, indicating a fulfilling romance. The saving sense of humor is strong in Mr. Garland's fiction, now as heretofore.

## A Stirring Tale of Stirring Times.

A readable, vigorous story is afforded to us by Owen Johnson under the title, "In the Name of Liberty" (The Century Company). This is a tale of the Reign of Terror, and it carries quite the French air, which may be described as dramatic, compact, quick in its turns, effective in its surprises. No words are wasted to tell us whether Baraband was comfortable in the lodging which his genius enabled him to secure without pay in Mother Corniche's garret in the Rue Maugout, a street in that famous turbulent quarter, the Faubourg St. Antoine. The faubourg is nothing in particular nowadays. We remember its bullet marks and its heat in the month of August. It was full of a very lively interest in the days here considered.

It is curious how the characters in this tale, popping in and out with a good deal of the measure that marks the movement of the birds in the cuckoo clocks, are made to carry off a vivid and steadily satisfying idea of the French Revolution. It is boldly artistic and French as well. The reader will smile as he holds his breath and shivers and feels the gooseflesh coming.

Here is Nicole, the flower girl. She lives in the garret across the court from where Baraband lives. One sufficiently adventurous may go along the roof gutter from one room to the other. Old Gourcic, a scolding and generous sentimentalist, lives just down stairs. Louise, another flower girl, unacknowledged daughter of the grim executioner who runs the guillotine in the Place de la Concorde, is close at hand, and so are others in the story, though Desonville, an important character with slender legs, and a hawk nose held high in air, dwells somewhere else.

We should be as simple as the book if we rehearsed all that interested us. There is the brewery of Santerre, with Santerre himself astride a fat vat, where the conspirators gather. A wonder the police did not discover them, and perhaps the police did. A boy brandishing a knife runs down the street crying: "To the Abbey, citizens! The tyrants are being exterminated. The justice of the people is beginning!"

The hungry children in the time of famine pursue a dog who has secured a bone and tear the morsel from his reluctant and dangerous jaws. People pay the price of a beefsteak for a soup that is mostly water. Dreadful stories are told by persons who have lost respect for life and for religion. Desonville, the lively and humorous patriot, is set against Javogues, the gloomy and bloodstained patriot from Marseilles.

It is no offense to the ample facts of record of the French revolution to employ colloquial language and to say that everybody except Desonville in this story goes off his nut.

It is remarkable how everything was adjusted at the last. Louise, the daughter of the executioner, suffered by reason of the power of heredity. Her ancestors for several centuries had lawfully cut off the heads of people. She watched the busy guillotine for many days, and, fascinated by it, cried at last "Long live the King!" Whereupon she lost her own head in no equivocal or idiomatic sense.

An excellent story, full of vigor and color, and bound to stir the interest of every reader.

## A Story of the South African War.

"On the Firing Line" may be called a historical story, albeit the facts upon which it is founded were but yesterday the telegraphic news of the daily newspapers, and have to do with the South African war. In the making of the tale the authors Annie Chapin Ray and Hamilton Brook Fuller, have followed the old formula prescribed for historical fiction by selecting certain actual occurrences and weaving about them the plot of fictitious romance, and have handled the matter so adroitly that the whole story seems authentic and convincing.

Accordingly, we have the imaginary English heroes, well born, well bred, going out to serve in the ranks on the actual firing line, in the real warfare of the Veldt, and the English maids of the author's fancy taking their places in the hospital tents and struggling with such grim realities as "enteric" and wounds from explosive bullets. The men are of the sturdy, uncomplaining, jolly sort that one finds wherever the British flag floats or the British uniform is worn, facing extreme heat and cold,

## PUBLICATIONS.

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THE PRINCESS PASSES (Illustrated, fourth large printing, \$1.50) duplicated their success with "The Lightning Conductor."—*unusually absorbing.*

THE DIVINE FIRE By MAY SINCLAIR. Fifth printing, \$1.60. "The Sun says it is 'A remarkable piece of work,' which the reader will follow charmed, and often wondering."—*When not to be had of local bookseller, the publishers will send these books postpaid upon receipt of price.*

Henry Holt &amp; Company,

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discomfort and danger—even death itself—in a whimsical, indifferent manner. If it were all in the day's work and not worth grumbling about. Whatever the British soldier lacks in tactics, he faces the guns or the army biscuit and tough beef without any of what he calls "grousing." The English girls "On the Firing Line" are spirited and bonny. The only fault one has to find is that there aren't enough of them to go round, and consequently one gallant officer has to be sacrificed to a Mauser bullet to make things pair right at the end. Also, it seems unkind to allow "Paddy," the philosopher of the pots and pans, to perish at the moment of victory.

"On the Firing Line" is not a great book, but it doesn't pretend to be, and it is clean and entertaining, which, perhaps, is just as well. The action moves briskly, the dialogue is good, the descriptions of the scenery and skirmishes, with the introduction of familiar names and places, are interesting, and the conclusion, while conventional, is satisfactory. The book is published by Little, Brown & Co.

## Good Stories Well Told.

Rex E. Beach is one of the fortunate men who has a story to tell and knows how to tell it. Going out with the first mad rush of gold seekers to Alaska, the author remained long enough to understand thoroughly the country and its customs, and to acquire the picturesque vocabulary of the settlers. The tale of the life, in the desolate waste-lands, of the men who toiled and fought and starved in the search for gold, Mr. Beach has presented in a book of short stories in a virile, graphic manner which compels attention and rewards consideration. Stripped of the picturesque vocabulary in which they are writ-

ten, translated and condensed, the stories lose their charm. William P. Joyce, "bachelor of some arts and plenty of science," and Justus Morrow are the oddly assorted "Partners" in the initial story which gives the book its name: Joyce is an old-timer with a vocabulary that requires a lexicon and a

Continued on Eighth Page.

## PUBLICATIONS.

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## PUBLICATIONS.

## Harper's Book News

## Sanna

"An ideal summer resort, restful, original, with a peculiar charm of its own."—*N. Y. Times*. In other words, a delightful romance of Nantucket and an ideal book for vacation hours. "The author of *The Wood-carver's* of *Lympos* has clustered around her theme in this new volume a series of scenes of pathos and humor with the most captivating human interest."

Sanna is altogether bewitching in her girlish coquetry and charm."—*Pittsburg Press*.

By the author of "THE WOOD-CARVER OF LYMPUS"

## The Ultimate Passion

A young man of high ideals playing into the hands of a powerful corrupt political ring in order to gain power through their influence and ultimately to defeat them—this is a hint of the plot of this strong, virile novel by Philip Verrill Mighels. It is a novel of unusual power, an absorbing story, showing the machinations of political schemers and others prominent in social and business life in New York. The startling incidents that the political situation brings forth are closely woven in with a charming love tale.

By the author of "BRUYER JIM'S BABY"

women in with a charming love tale.

## The Tyranny of the Dark

Hamlin Garland's latest novel is a daring venture into a new and fascinating field—that of the occult. The remarkable incidents related in this volume are all within the experience of the author, who for a number of years has been a member of the American Psychical Society. Says *The New York World*: "He has woven from his experiences the threads of a most interesting tale. It will interest both believers in and scoffers at the life invisible." In this strange setting, romance becomes doubly attractive. Mr. Garland has given us another delightful Western girl. Her rescue from this mysterious "Tyranny of the Dark," accomplished by her lover, is the most engrossing kind of strong, moving fiction.

HAMLIN GARLAND'S latest novel

the Dark," accomplished by her lover, is the most engrossing kind of strong, moving fiction.

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## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

FIFTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Fifth Avenue and 54th Street.

REV. J. ROSS STEVENSON, D. D.

REV. GEORGE H. TRULL, Assistant. Worship on May 28, at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. In the afternoon the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be preceded by Dr. Stevenson's Evening Service commencing at 8:15.

THE WASHINGTON SQUARE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Fourth St. between the Square and 4th Av. Sunday, May 28, 8 o'clock. Memorial services for the Grand Army of the Republic. Lafayette Post and Lafayette Camp, Sons of Veterans. A special program has been prepared. The sermon will be preached by Dr. Strout, pastor of the church and chaplain of Lafayette Post.

UNIVERSITY PLACE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, corner of 10th St. Public worship to-morrow at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. The pastor, Rev. George Alexander, D. D., will preach. Service preparatory to the Communion will be held in the church Friday evening next at 8 o'clock. Wednesday evening service at 8 o'clock.

EGLESE DU SAINT-ESPRIT, 45 East 7th St.—Service religious to-morrow at 10:45 du matin et 8 du soir. Rev. A. Wilmmer, Recteur. CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), 34th St., Park Ave.—Services 11 A. M. Dr. Savage will preach. Subject—"THE CROSS."